

# THE BEACON



A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL  
AND THE HOME



VOLUME I.

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AT CHERRY-TIME.

Under the tree the farmer said,  
Smiling and shaking his wise old head:  
"Cherries are ripe! but then, you know,  
There's the grass to cut and the corn to hoe.  
We can gather the cherries any day;  
But, when the sun shines, we must make our  
hay.  
To-night, when the work has all been done,  
We'll muster the boys, for fruit and fun."

Up on a tree a robin said,  
Perking and cocking his saucy head,  
"Cherries are ripe! and so to-day  
We'll gather them while you make the hay;  
For we are the boys with no corn to hoe.  
No cows to milk, and no grass to mow."  
At night the farmer said: "Here's a trick!  
Those roguish robins have had their pick."

F. E. WEATHERLEY.

## The New Memorial Day.

Oh, the roses we plucked for the blue  
And the lilies we twined for the gray,  
We have bound in a wreath,  
And in silence beneath  
Slumber our heroes to-day.

Over the new-turned sod  
The sons of our fathers stand,  
And the fierce old fight  
Slips out of sight  
In the clasp of a brother's hand.

For the old blood left a stain  
That the new has washed away,  
And the sons of those  
That have faced as foes  
Are marching together to-day.

Oh, the blood that our fathers gave!  
Oh, the tide of our mothers' tears!  
And the flow of red,  
And the tears they shed,  
Embittered a sea of years.

But the roses we plucked for the blue  
And the lilies we twined for the gray,  
We have bound in a wreath,  
And in glory beneath  
Slumber our heroes to-day.

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

*For The Beacon.*

## Three Letters from the Front.

BY KATE HUDSON.

For weeks the Clifford children had been looking forward to the day; and, now that it had come with a gale, a dash of rain, and a promise of much more, they were naturally very disappointed.

"Grandpa was going to let us decorate the Lincoln Post graves, and now we *can't*," moaned Milly.

"Colonel Doane was going to tell us all about the battle of Bull Run, and now we won't be there to hear him," groaned Willy.

"Teacher told us we must 'worthily celebrate the day,' and *now* how can we?" wailed Lily; "and I *do* think Memorial Day is our very holiest holiday."

"So it is, dearie," said grandma, taking a flat tin despatch box from her writing desk, "and we four are going to celebrate, in spite of the rain, and as worthily as we may, by reading some old letters from the front of battle in three very different wars. This one," taking up a coarse and heavy square sheet stained with time and yellow with old age, "is from your great-great-grandfather to the girl he afterwards married



(and who thus became *your* great-great-grandmother). It was written during the War of Independence in camp on Rhode Island on Oct. 14, 1778, and reads like this:

*My dearest Nancy*,—I sit down amid the noise and clamor of war just to inform you we are all well and in good spirits. We landed on the Island Sunday morning and marched about four miles towards Newport, where we encamped. We should have marched towards the enemy's works on Wednesday morning, but we had a very tedious storm which prevented us. We shall go forward as soon as weather permits, I suppose, and make a stand without the works of the enemy, who are all now retreated within those works: we hope we shall burgoyne them all soon. The French fleet sailed on Monday in pursuit of some English ships: we do not know what success they have met with. Oh, I wish you could peep into our den and see how we live, five or six of us in a tent about eight foot square, lying on the ground with a canteen for a pillow. Night before last our tents all blew down, and we were obliged to take shelter wherever we could find it. It would be pretty tolerable if it were fair weather all the time, but these ozenbirg houses are not so clever in rainy weather. Who wouldn't be a soldier! I should write more fully, but I am called away, so must conclude, praying that I may have health and fortitude and do proper through the campaign, and, when it is over, you know what! My dear girl I am

Your friend,

HENRY H.

"O grandma, and was he killed in the war?" asked Lily, breathlessly.

"No, dearie," answered grandma. "He came back safe and sound, married his dearest Nancy, and died many years later."

"What's an 'ozenbirg house,' grandma?" asked Milly.

"Ozenbirg, or osnabruck, was what we now call duck or tent-cloth: an ozenbirg house is just a tent. This next letter," continued grandma, unfolding one deeply bordered with red, white, and blue, "is from your great-grand-uncle Edwin, written in the Civil War when he was recovering from a wounded hand in a Washington Hospital early in September, 1862. It reads like this:

HAREWOOD HOSPITAL.

*Dear Brother*,—My wound is nearly closed, but the bone has not yet joined, so it will be some time before I can handle a musket. My position as Color Guard is a desirable one when there is no fighting, no guard nor fatigue duty, and drill or not just as I please. Nothing to do but to keep my equipments bright and follow the colors when ordered out. But in action I am in front of the American flag and I must stick by the flag,—an excellent place to get shot in. I did not leave my post at Bull Run till the captain ordered me out of the fray to see the surgeon.

Only once, on a night march from the Rappahannock, when it had been raining for two days, and we marched on stiff, lame legs in the pitch darkness through a Virginia road with the clay above our ankles, slipping at every step, until two o'clock next morning, did I ever regret being a soldier in the cause of my country. Two-thirds of our regiment fell exhausted and lay down till morning in the mud where they fell: it was three days before we had our regiment together again. With love to you and my other dear friends and relatives at home,

EDWIN.

"And did *he*, too, return home safe and sound and get married?" anxiously inquired Milly.

"No, dearie," answered grandma sadly, "he fell two months afterwards at Fredericksburg in defence of the beloved colors he was so bravely guarding. This last letter," she went on, "is from Uncle Roger when he was a Spanish War volunteer. It is written in

camp at El Deposit in the Philippines, is dated Nov. 25, 1899, and runs this way:

*Dear Edwin*,—Keep on addressing my letter to Manila as they will be forwarded: we are not very far from Manila, but still are on the outposts. We marched from Maraguina to this camp in a pouring rain with our packs on our backs: the road in places was knee-deep in mud and water, the mud got into our shoes and got ground into our socks. We had rain for several days and were in leaky tents, with no chance to dry anything.

We sleep with all our clothes on and have a loaded gun handy to pick up for a night alarm. I think the worst of the war is over here, but there will still be some fighting. One bother is that we can't go anywhere without rifle and gun. We go to swim in a creek, but some have to stay on guard over us, for there may be Bolomen with knives hiding in the bushes. I am sending enclosed five cent stamps marked Philippines for Arthur's collection. With love to you all.

ROGER.

"Well, *anyway*," cried Millie triumphantly, "our Uncle Roger came back safe and sound and got married, and we all went to the wedding, didn't we, grandma? and, *my!* how it *did* rain!"

"Almost as hard as it is raining to-day," laughed grandma, "almost, but not quite, eh, Millie?"

"And not *nearly* as hard as it rained through all those three letters, and we don't live in 'ozenbirg houses,' nor do we have to march through mud up to our knees! and I, for one, am never going to complain of the weather again!"

"Amen to that!" said grandma.

### The Flowers.

God might have made the earth bring forth  
Enough for great and small,  
The oak tree and the cedar tree,  
Without a flower at all.  
We might have had enough, enough  
For every want of ours;  
For luxury, medicine, and toil,  
And yet have had no flowers.  
Our outward life requires them not—  
Then wherefore had they birth?  
To minister delight to man,  
To beautify the earth;  
To comfort man, to whisper hope,  
Whene'er his faith is dim,  
For who so careth for the flowers  
Will much more care for him.

MARY HOWITT.

For The Beacon.

### The Trip to Daisy Bridge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

#### Chapter II.

A young man was looking at them over the fence back of the oak tree. He had a bag slung over his shoulder and a camera in his hand.

"I guess you're a hunter," said Charlie, eying him across the fence, "only I don't know what you've done with your gun."

"I haven't any gun. I hunt with this," laughed the young man, holding up his camera.

"I know. You're a bird man," put in Dot. "You come over here and I'll give you a custard."

The young man did not wait to be asked twice. He jumped the fence, and came and sat down with them at their stump dining-table.

"Now I've got bananas and oranges I

bought at a cross-roads store," he said. "I'll swap them for some of your things. I started so early I didn't have a chance to get anything but this bottle of milk."

They had a merry feast under the oak tree, and the children liked the bird man better every minute. He had a packet of wonderful bird photographs which he had taken and colored himself, and the stories he told them of the woods and fields were as interesting as so many fairy tales.

After the dinner was over and the pictures looked at, they sat still to rest a while and look away over the beautiful sunshiny country to the village with its white church spire.

"What's that?" cried Charlie, sitting up straight and pointing towards the village where something dark and odd-looking was rising like a great bird into the air.

The bird man looked, and then he pulled out a pair of big field glasses from his bag.

"It's an airship," he said when he had taken a look.

"The circus airship!" shouted Charlie.

They used the glasses in turn, watching the airship rise and circle in the air till it sailed away to the south out of sight.

"I could see the man's legs—I know I could," declared Charlie, with a long breath. "Say, I feel just as if I'd been to a circus."

And then with a sudden thought he looked around him.

"Where's Ragweed?" he shouted.

Ragweed was gone, that was sure! The dead bush to which she had been tied was broken short off, and the calf and the rope were nowhere to be seen.

"Look here, I'll help find her," said the bird man, when he understood how things were. "We don't know whether she went up the road or down, but you go down because that leads towards the picnic, and you don't want to miss that if you can help it. I'll go up a piece, and then, if I don't find her, I'll strike off through the woods. If I find her, I'll blow this."

He took a small whistle from his pocket and blew a queer shrill note which could be heard a long way.

"I'd know that noise again if I heard it in China," laughed Charlie. "Come on, Dot."

The two children trudged away down the road, looking back now and then at the bird man as long as they could see him. It was plain that he saw no trace of Ragweed up the road, for by and by he waved his hand to them and turned off into a piece of woods.

"He thinks she's left the road and gone in there," said Charlie. "It would be just like her."

The road led them down from the hills by and by, and went winding through low lands with now and then a plank bridge leading over a little runlet of water.

"All this water belongs to Daisy Pond," Charlie told Dot. "Daisy Stream is the pond's outlet, and Daisy Bridge goes over it."

"Shall we get there soon?" asked Dot, whose feet were beginning to drag. And then, as she spied something on the ground beside the road, she cried out:

"Oh, look, Charlie! Ragweed must have been along here. Here's a piece of the daisy chain I wound on her horns just before we started."

"Here's her track, too," said Charlie, pointing to the print of the little cow's foot in the mud. "Let's look hard now, and perhaps we shall see her. She's so white she's easy to find."



They looked carefully up and down, and, sure enough, they soon spied a gleam of white in some bushes ahead of them. They ran to the spot, and there, feeding among the alder bushes in a little open place beside the road, was the runaway Ragweed.

As the children came panting up, she stopped feeding and looked at them. Then the spirit of mischief seemed to take hold of her.

She shook her horns at them, threw up her heels, and went cantering off among the trees and bushes, away from the road.

"We must keep our eye on her!" panted Charlie, and they started at a run.

Ragweed seemed to be trying to lead them into the worst places she could find. She cantered across a wet meadow and plunged into a piece of woods which was not much better than a swamp. They floundered through mud, pushed their way through thickets, and scrambled over rotten logs till they were quite tired out.

At last Ragweed disappeared entirely, and they stopped short, feeling discouraged.

"It's no use," said Charlie. "We've lost her, and we're lucky if we haven't lost ourselves too. Can you tell which way the road is, Dot?"

"No, of course I can't, when we've been twisting round so," sighed Dot. "And, oh, dear, I don't want to find the road if we can't find Ragweed. What shall we do if we can't ever find her?"

"I don't know, but we've got to get out of this," Charlie declared, looking around. "I'd just like to hear that bird man's whistle now, wouldn't you?"

They plodded on, muddy, tired, and torn by briars.

"Seems as if there couldn't be any such place in the world as Daisy Bridge," said Dot, swallowing a sob. "And we were going to have such a good time!"

Charlie answered with a shout.

They had come through an opening in the bushes, and there right in front of them was a little old house. Standing in the yard was a little old woman, and there, too, was Ragweed, calmly drinking something out of a pail, just as if she lived there and had got home to supper.

"My, you do look all flustered up!" said the little old woman as the two children came forward. "I expect this small cow has led you a nice chase, but she's quiet as a lamb now. Look at her, drinking up the skim milk I brought out for the hens."

"Ragweed likes milk as well as she did when she was a baby," explained Dot.

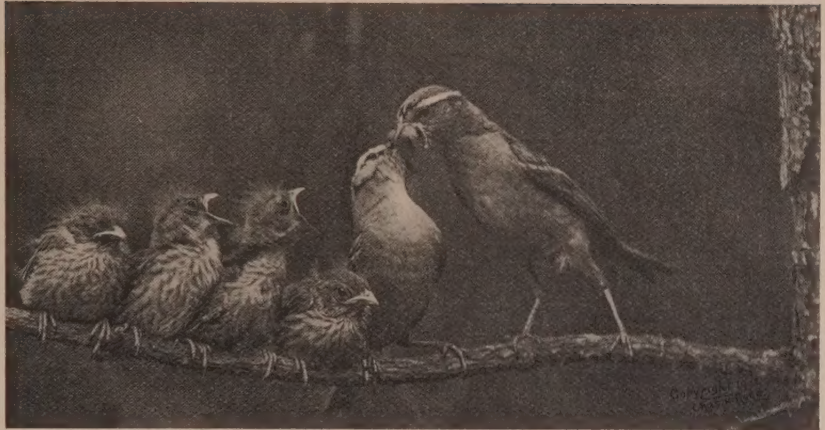
"She ought to be ashamed of herself," put in Charlie, fastening the calf's dragging rope to a hitching-post in front of the little house. "There, miss, now you stand still till we think what to do next."

They told the little old lady the whole story of how they had started for the picnic, and what a trick Ragweed had played on them.

"Now we can't go to Daisy Bridge, of course," said Charlie. "Here we are 'way off the road, and both of us have been in a mud hole, too."

"I'd wash and mend you if there was time," said the old lady, thoughtfully, looking them over. "But, no, you couldn't be made fit to go to a picnic to-day in the clothes you've got on. You come in and visit with me a few minutes."

The children looked at each other and sighed. A visit in this odd little house would have been a treat at any other time, but it



PREPARING BREAKFAST.

wasn't much after missing a picnic at Daisy Bridge.

"I guess it's more polite to go in when she asks us," Dot whispered. "Let's wash our faces and hands at the pump first, then we'll look some like company."

They made themselves as tidy as they could, and then went into the little house. It was a pleasant, sunny house of three rooms. It stood at the edge of the swamp, and they saw that a road went by it on the other side.

"It goes right down to the water," the old lady told them. "There's a big arm of Daisy Pond comes reaching back in here, and Nat Hastings' ferry-boat takes you right across the water, a short cut to Daisy Bridge. It would be as cute a way as ever you saw to get to the picnic, if only you were dressed up for it."

"Oh, dear!" said Dot to herself, and Charlie tried his best to whistle as he looked out of the window.

"Now don't you feel bad too soon," said the old lady, briskly. "I'm just thinking over what can be done. First you pull off your wet shoes and tuck 'em in this warm oven. They'll dry quick because they're only wet on the outside."

She went into the next room and came out with two old-fashioned, round bandboxes.

"I expect you've heard of Aunt Nanny Teel, the children's dressmaker," she said.

"Well, that's me. Lots of little folks come to me to get their clothes made, and, when they don't come, I keep right on making things just the same. There's so many different sizes in children that whatever I make is sure to do for somebody. Now here's some of the suits I've got on hand."

She took out of one handbox a boy's sailor suit of blue gingham and out of another a girl's pink print dress. They were pretty and neatly made.

"You don't mean you'd lend 'em to us to wear to a picnic?" asked Charlie. "We haven't any money to pay for them."

"You might leave me that little white cow," said Aunt Nanny, her eyes twinkling with mischief.

"Oh, we—we couldn't spare Ragweed," declared Dot, in a low voice. "Wouldn't it do just as well if we came down and worked for you?"

"There, that's the very thing," cried Aunt Nanny, her eyes twinkling more than ever. "There's a pile of wood to saw and bring in at the back door, and half an acre of

dry chips to pick up, down in the wood lot. You ask your ma to let you come down and stay with me two or three days, and it'll be all right about the suits."

A few minutes later two happy children, a boy in blue and a girl in pink, went down to the ferry by the path Aunt Nanny showed them.

As they came in sight of the wide, smooth water, and the old man and his little boat waiting at the shore, Dot suddenly said:

"O Charlie, we can't go after all! It costs money to cross ferries, and we haven't a cent."

*To be continued.*

### Robin's Breakfast.

I saw a little robin with his head close to the ground;

He listened and he listened till he must have heard a sound;

For he pecked, and he pecked, and at last began to pull

At the head of a fat angle worm that filled his beak quite full.

He rested for a moment and then gave another jerk;

For such a tiny fellow it was certainly hard work;

His little feet flew up in air again and yet again,

As to free his precious tid-bit he tried with might and main.

I tell you that I never saw a robin quite so proud

As was my dainty redbreast, for he chirped it out aloud

When the meal that he had struggled for was landed high and dry.

If a bird can persevere and win, why, surely, so can I.

*Normal Instructor.*

*There is only one real failure in life possible, and that is not to be true to the best one knows.*  
CANON FARRAR.

May is here!

I know there's a blossom somewhere near,  
For the south wind tosses into my room  
A hint of summer, a vague perfume;  
And it sets me dreaming of birds and bees  
And the odorous snow-storms of apple trees.

EBEN E. REXFORD.



For The Beacon.

## Ink and Influence.

BY CHARLES W. CASSON.

On my desk, as I am sitting now, thinking of a topic on which to write a *Beacon* sermonette, are lying two sheets of paper. Upon one is a beautiful poem that I have just copied out, and which I shall read to several hundred young people next Sunday night. If it helps them as much as it has helped me for many years, it will have been worth while copying and reading it.

On the other sheet, right in the middle of its white surface, is a great black blot. I must have been careless with my pen, and in some way made the dark stain. And, as the result, the paper is disfigured and spoiled, and in a very few minutes will have taken passage by the waste-paper-basket route for the furnace.

How different these two things are! The written poem will be listened to by hundreds, and may help many to become stronger and better men and women. And the blot is just as useless as anything can be, and has spoiled a good sheet of paper besides.

Yet these two have both been made by a drop of ink from the same bottle. The person, the pen, the ink, the paper, were all the same. But in one case the ink was wrongly used and in the other it was used in such a way that good was done.

Now ink is very like influence, as every one of you may very readily see. We are all in many respects just like bottles of ink, and may use the powers within us in doing good or evil, in writing poems of beauty and helpfulness, or in making unsightly and hurtful blots.

There is this difference, however, that, while the ink in a bottle may be kept in, and not be used, our influence is going forth all the time. Whatever we do,—and we cannot live without constantly doing things,—we are exerting an influence for either good or bad. By every action we are using the ink of influence and writing good or blotting in evil.

You simply cannot help writing or blotting. You are just like the machine that is used for recording the temperature. Hour after hour it keeps on making its steady line, showing how cold or warm has been the day. And your ink of influence steadily writes upon the lives of others.

A drop of ink has such different uses, as you have probably found out. It will discolor a lot of crystal pure water, taking away its perfect purity. Or it will write a poem about purity that people will love to read, and then read again.

A drop of ink will write a letter of anger that will cause years of painful remembrance and that cannot be forgotten, though the letter itself has been burned. Or a drop will write a letter of love that will be cherished long, long years, and whose faded words will be read with joy half a century hence.

And so we have it in our power to choose how we shall use the ink of influence. An impure word will discolor the thought of many people. A word of anger will live on for many years. And a kind word will live forever, to bless by its remembrance.

Perhaps the most important thing of all to remember is that the ink of influence cannot be rubbed out. There is no way in which I can rub out the blot on the paper

on my desk. It is there to stay, until the fire destroys both the blot and the paper.

And the ink of influence writes or blots forever. You cannot unwrite the writing, and you cannot blot out the blot. If you have written good, it will last always, and nothing can destroy it. And, if you have written wrongly, there is no eraser that will undo your work.

Let us therefore use wisely this ink of influence of ours, writing only that which will give help and happiness to those who come after us when we have grown old.

## QUESTION BOX.

*Please outline a suggestive plan for Sunday-school organization: how the church committee carries on the work; how the teachers and officers are chosen; what authority each has, etc.*

The form of the question assumes that the Sunday school is a branch of the church activity, and that the governing power of the church should be the directing force in the management of the school. This seems to be the true ideal and indicates the plan of organization.

1. Let the church at its annual meeting, or the governing committee at some other time, appoint a special committee on the Sunday school or perhaps on religious education. This committee should represent the church in the school, should present all names of officers and teachers to the church for regular election by that body, and should exercise, in general, the same watchful care over the school that the school committee of a town exercises over its public schools. This action on the part of the church gives to the teachers an assurance of support and a degree of strength and dignity in their office which they could not otherwise have.

2. If this governing committee is wise, it will proceed in much the same way as our best public school committees do, and, while exercising a directing power, keep itself as much as possible in the background. To elect efficient officers and expect them to accomplish the best results without interference is a wise policy. Many a public school committeeman, by direct interference in the teaching of a school, has done distinct harm to the authority of the teacher and the efficiency of the school, and the same may be said of committeemen in charge of Sunday schools.

3. The chief officer of the school is usually called Superintendent, but in some cases is called the President. In still other cases both these officers are found, the pastor of the church being President of the school, giving it the benefit of his presence and spiritual leadership, while the actual details of direction are in the hands of the Superintendent. Beside these there are such officers as Assistant Superintendent, Secretary, Treasurer, Field Secretary, Director of Music, Librarian, Head Usher, and the like, the number of these depending upon the size and fulness of organization of the school and its specific work, and efficiency depending largely upon individual ability. Every such office may be magnified and made of supreme usefulness.

Thoroughness of organization is a help toward efficient service. It still remains true, however, as Mme. Hermann says, that "after all, it is not so much *how* things are done as to be able to do them."

## RECREATION CORNER.

Cincinnati, Ohio,  
April 10, 1911.

The Beacon:

Dear Sirs,—I am a little girl nine years old. I enjoy reading *The Beacon*. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school in Cincinnati. I am sending you a puzzle which I made up and thank you very much if you will print it.

Yours truly,

HELEN JANE SCHIEL.

## ENIGMA XLVIII.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 11, 4, 7, 2, 19, 8, 14, is a boy's name.

My 12, 5, 2, 14, 8, is a useful animal.

My 2, 1, 6, 8, is something to hang clothes on.

My 2, 18, 3, 17, 19, 8, is a baby's plaything.

My 15, 16, 14, 17, 13, 19, is a dangerous weapon.

My 9, 10, 6, 15, 8, 2, is a group of stars.

My whole is the name of a hospital I am in.

ANTHONY MILLER.

## ENIGMA XLIX.

I am composed of 11 letters.

My 5, 10, 7, is a pronoun.

My 11, 7, 3, is a Catholic sister.

My 4, 5, 2, is a grain.

My 1, 10, 7, 4, is sixty minutes.

My 9, 6, 5, is to be timid.

My 8 is the fourth letter of the alphabet.

My whole is an explorer.

HELEN J. SCHIEL.

## A WORD SQUARE. (4 letters in each word.)

First is the place where I long to be;

Third brings joy or woe to me;

Second's the gem that I love the best,

And fourth is ever a welcome guest.

K. L. W.

## HIDDEN FOREIGN CITIES.

1. We arrived at Hensley, the next station, at three o'clock
2. The picnic, Ethel thought, was very enjoyable.
3. Write, if you will, on "Donovan," by Edna Lyall.
4. Shall you take a plunge? No, another day for me.
5. Feldspar is a very hard mineral.
6. The name of the book is "From Chaos to Cosmos": Cowden Allen, the author.
7. Mother is taking a nap: lest we wake her, speak softly.
8. The hero merely smiled and walked away.
9. Said old Tim, "A dreadful day, to be sure."
10. Tell Mr. Timun I chose the best course for him.

W. J.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 33.

ENIGMA XLIV.—Memorial Day.

ENIGMA XLV.—Paul Revere.

WORD BUILDING.—(1) Mane. (2) Mete. (3) Pate. (4) Hemp. (5) Dote.

ORIGINAL ARITHMETIC.—(1) T-one. (2) L-one. (3) F-I-our. (4) T-h-rec. (5) T-w-o. (6) Fi-v-e.

*It is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks that he already knows.*

EPICTETUS.

## THE BEACON.

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